

William Boscawen

**THE PROGRESS OF SATIRE:
AN ESSAY IN VERSE**



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THE PROGRESS OF SATIRE: AN ESSAY
IN VERSE.
WITH NOTES, CONTAINING REMARKS ON “THE
PURSUITS OF LITERATURE”

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THE
PROGRESS OF SATIRE:
A N
ESSAY IN VERSE.

WITH NOTES,
CONTAINING
REMARKS ON "THE PURSUITS OF LITERATURE."

SECOND EDITION,
WITH CONSIDERABLE ADDITIONS.

— non si quid turbida Roma
Elevet, accedas; examenque improbum in istâ
Caftiges trutinâ. *Perf.*

What, if an addle-headed Public praise
The proud conceited Pedant's rumbling lays,
Shall we not weigh his insolent pretence
In juster scales,—the scales of Truth and Sense?

L O N D O N:

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MDCCXCVIII.

P R E F A C E.

THE approbation with which the following Essay has been received by * many of the best judges, and, indeed, by the public in general, has induced me to revise it with care, and endeavour, by considerable additions and improvements, to render it more worthy of their notice. I am, however, sensible it can claim but little

* Among these I could mention two, at least, of the four gentlemen in whose supposed approbation my adversary triumphs. But I scorn to quote the private conversations of any man in favour of my work. It is equally unfair and mean in an anonymous writer; since the public at large have no means of knowing whether he speaks truth, or not. Let that public decide (and they will decide justly in the end), whether the *little Satirist's* Poem (as he calls it) or this Essay is written with most candour, taste, or even poetical spirit.

merit, except in the intention ; which is, not to retaliate any personal insult myself or friends may have sustained, but to shew to the public, and particularly to men of literature, how unbecoming it is in itself, and how prejudicial to the interests of learning, to encourage anonymous Satires ; the authors of which, being secure from all effectual responsibility, attack indiscriminately the most respectable characters, and laugh at every appeal to the laws of candour and good-nature.

The reader of this who may have perused the Letter prefixed to the later editions of the *Pursuits of Literature*, will probably be of opinion that the Author's defence (if it can be deemed one) against the charge of personal malignity is chiefly directed to the objections urged against him in this work. He disdains, indeed, to name any of his adversaries, or to reply in detail to any one of their accusations. This is convenient : this is worthy of the **GREAT AUTHOR** ; who, like the *Great Nation*, may condescend to *do* an injury, but should never condescend to repair, or even fairly to defend it.

But let him, if he dares, come to the point. Let him, instead of sheltering himself under general expressions, justify the *instances* of misconduct brought forward in this publication. If he declines to do this, may not the contempt with which he affects to treat his adversaries (adding insult to injury) be retorted by an indignant public on himself?

Adverting, however, in the mean time to the leading topics of this notable defence, let us consider whether the principles laid down by him are not often unjust, and whether they are, at all events, applicable to those instances of the writer's misconduct which have been repeatedly produced.

“Playfulness and humour,” he complains, “have received other appellations;” viz. (I presume, for his *delicacy* does not permit him to name them,) ill-nature and insolence. A few questions will enable the public to decide on this point.

1. Is it playfulness and humour (or does it deserve those *other* appellations) to blend with

the opinion of an Author's work a representation, or rather misrepresentation, of his private concerns, for the purpose of rendering his character ridiculous*? In other words, Does every man who publishes a book expose *thereby* all his private life to sarcastic observation and obloquy?

2. Is it “playfulness and humour” to misrepresent the origin and object of a charitable institution, for the purpose of ridiculing that institution, or some person who endeavours to promote it †?

3. Is it *mere* playfulness and humour (without the least mixture of ill-will or envy) sarcas-

* This he has done in some instances; and in one, perhaps, a much heavier charge might be justly brought against him. But it is referred till he shall be *completely* drawn forth from his lurking-place. He is, indeed, sufficiently known already to all who duly consider the circumstances that have happened since the first publication of his work.

† See Part IV. page 13, of the early editions. It is true this shameful passage is now omitted, but it stood in two or three editions; and the author has therefore no right to expect it should be forgotten.

tically to depreciate the talents of a gentleman, even at the expence of truth, because he has, early in life, obtained a respectable and confidential situation under the government of the country *?

4. Is it *mere* playfulness and humour to dwell at length, sarcastically, as well as ludicrously, on the propensity of a man of learning (no Author by the way) to collect curious editions of books, and his attending at sales for that purpose †?

* He represents the *Microcosm*, to which Mr. Canning, whilst a boy at Eton, contributed, as the work of his riper years, for the purpose of depreciating his abilities. Some circumstance, however, has alarmed or shamed the little man, for he has suddenly changed his satirical note into a panegyric, and thinks the former is forgot:—

“ Insolent thought! and like a second blow.”

† I think no candid man can doubt that his note on Dr. Goffet, (Part IV. page 13.) as it stood at first, was meant ill-naturedly to depreciate and ridicule him, however powerless in its effect. If, as he intimates, Dr. G. laughs at the note himself, it is at the folly and absurdity, not at any wit or humour, contained in it.

5. Is it playfulness or humour to represent the diligence of a respectable Member of Parliament, in effecting those improvements in the promulgation of Statutes, and that attention to the revival of them the want of which has been justly complained of, as originating in the mere desire of self-importance *?

6. Is it playfulness and humour to endeavour to vilify one of the brightest ornaments of our church, by representing him as proud and mean, on an idle tale, unsupported by evidence, and contrary to the known liberality of his character †?

7. Is it playfulness and humour to pronounce the mind of a man to be crafty, merely from the

* See Part IV. page 29, (note i.) This wretched attempt at ill-natured sarcasm is now indeed omitted ; but I saw it in the third edition of that Dialogue, and believe it continued to the fifth : so that his malice circulated throughout the kingdom. Nor does he now make the least apology.

† The story arises, I am well informed, from a circumstance that happened when the Prelate alluded to was Bishop of Salisbury, but without his fault. Let the little man, if he dares, produce his authority for the assertion he has hazarded.

appearance of his countenance in a print? and this too of a venerable exile; whose rank, character, and misfortunes have a peculiar claim to the protection of this country *?

Lastly; Is it mere playfulness and humour to allude, in sarcastic and contemptuous terms, to the circumstance of a distinguished Barrister being obliged, by the incessant exertions of his mind and fatigues of his profession, to take opium occasionally for his relief †?

More instances might be produced; but these may, for the present, be sufficient to exercise all the Author's ingenuity in defence. But I ask his pardon—this he disdains—his “‡ countenance

* See Part IV. page 26, (note e.) A remark as ungenerous as ever disgraced the page of a libeller.

† The whole note on Mr. Erskine is, indeed, unworthy of any gentleman or scholar.

‡ κυνος ομηρος εχων.—But when, soon afterwards, he declares his resolution to remain concealed, what reader does not anticipate the conclusion—κραδιν δε ελαφοιο?—and may we not justly exclaim (in the strong language of Pope's translation),

Oh monster, mix'd of insolence and fear!

Thou dog in forehead, but in heart a deer!

“is unaltered,” &c. Bravo! There is nothing like facing it out: there is nothing so convenient as to avoid all discussions of a conduct which candour and justice would condemn, to ridicule the complaints of the injured, to despise the censures of the candid, and to trample on public opinion in the solemn confidence of assumed dignity.

Yet, after all, though *we* are too great to answer distinctly to any one charge, we do not find it quite safe to rest our justification on the work itself. No: the **GREAT AUTHOR** must descend a little from his dignity: he must throw out a few general topicks, by which the inattentive, the indolent, or the partial reader may, if possible, be misled. The quotation, for instance, of a passage from Horace, designed by it's Author to justify a single line, (which laughed at two contemptible individuals,) is applied to the justification of all ridicule, whatever it's kind or degree. But if the opinion of any satirist in his own defence can be produced as an argument, let us hear the same Poet on the subject of unwarranted and unfeeling ridicule:

— Solutos

Qui captat risus hominum, famamque dicacis ;
 Fingere qui non visa potest, *commissa tacere*
*Qui nequit, hic * niger est.*

Is this, (I will ask any candid man,) or the passage he has himself cited, most applicable to the Author of *The Pursuits of Literature* ?

“Censure,” he complains, “is represented as ‘malignity, and reprehension as abuse.’” Now if his censures appear, from the manner or degree, to arise from malignity; if his reprehension degenerate into abuse, who is to blame? the person who gives occasion for such charges, or he by whom they are brought? I might select, as an instance, his furious attack on Dr. Warton.

* I have heard the translation of this passage by Francis ridiculed, as a strange and ludicrous departure from the original. But it now appears to have been written with a prophetic spirit :

This man is vile : here, Roman, fix your mark !
 His soul is black, as *his complexion's dark.*

Vol. iii. p. 61.

The whole passage is, indeed, (in the translation,) not only descriptive of the little Satirist, but very much in the general style of his poetry.

I maintain that in * two points his censure is without just foundation ; but, if they admit of a doubt, he should have refrained from unqualified and vehement reprehension. In the other point, if we grant that Dr. W. mistook his duty as Editor, is that a justification of insolent and brutal invective †?

A more important objection (as he admits it to be) has been brought against his work, as inconsistent with that religion which he affects so much to revere. But how does our Satirist state the objection? Is it (as he represents) an objection to satire in general? or to paltry, insolent, uncandid, and (too often) malicious satire? Whether *The Pursuits of Literature* deserve that character, or not, is the only point to be settled between us. Should it be found to merit all or any of these appellations, I should like (for once)

* See the Postscript to this work.

† And this from the same writer who, in another part of his work, ridicules Sir James Burges for not having made his Poem lascivious and indecent! This from the same man who published the grossly indecent passage about Acis and Galatea, and the more infamous allusions respecting Mr. Steevens, &c. &c. ! ! !—Oh shame, where is thy blush?

to see him lay his hand on his heart and answer this question: Have you, the pretended champion of Christianity, acted on the divine principle of “loving your neighbour as yourself?” Have you (I will stake the whole cause upon this issue) invariably “done unto others as you would that others should do unto you?”

I now proceed to the strong hold, the tower of his defence. We, who condemn his work, as (in many parts) little better than a libel, are, it seems, destitute, not only of common sense, but (*rismus teneatis!*) of common law: for, behold, the GREAT AUTHOR, he who holds Barristers in such supreme contempt, has gone so far in his legal lucubrations as to consult an elementary book: (*Calvum et doctus cantare Catullum*) protected*, as he thinks, by the authority of one legal *dictum*, he laughs at all appeals to candour, or to feeling, and defies the sacred tribunal of

* Even this might be fairly questioned; for that species of chastisement which (it is admitted on all hands) the little Satirist has so often provoked, would certainly be a breach of the peace, however merited. He seems also compleatly ignorant that the principle quoted applies only to an indictment for a misdemeanor, not an action for damages.

honour. But here my *learned friend* must excuse me if, instead of accepting the issue tendered, I *demur* to his plea. Can no writing, then, be deemed, in common *parlance*, libellous, unless it be indictable at law? Can no character be depreciated, no honourable feeling wounded, no literary injustice effected, without the means of *legal* redress? What other defence have the most malignant scribblers, than that they just contrive to keep out of the pale of the law? Let me, however, advise him, now he has seized on this vantage ground, to rest on it, as the most secure. Let him not talk of his “character and reputation with his country,” since he must be conscious how wantonly he has sported with the characters of others: let him not appeal to Christianity, as the test of his conduct, while he must feel that he has violated the most extensive principle of Christian morality.

Having, in the notes to this edition, remarked on most of the other topics of the little Gentleman’s defence, I will now only notice the convenient principle under which he would shelter all his illiberal attacks on individuals, all his unmanly and unfeeling ridicule. “*When the un-*

“*derstanding*” (says he, with a Greek quotation *more suo*) “*is enervated, &c. it is open to all manner of deception, and to all the impressions of sophistry.*” Were we to admit the truth of this principle *, in one sense and in some degree, it would be impossible for the Author to prove it’s application to one half of the persons and works which he has thought proper to stigmatize, or oppose it to the instances of misconduct which have been repeatedly produced.

This, however, and all similar pretences, he *knows* to be vain. Scarcely a passage in which he has endeavoured to tease and vex, or to depreciate and injure, respectable persons could have been written with the view of correcting their supposed errors, or producing any real good to society. No: the manifest object was to exhibit the pleasantry and humour of which he believes himself to be possessed, and to amuse himself with his vaunted power of inflicting

* Perhaps we might deny the principle itself; at least in any sense applicable to the point in question. For it by no means follows, that, because a man thinks or acts absurdly in a particular instance, (and who is there free from such a foible?) his whole mind and conduct in life are thereby corrupted and misled.

pain. The political incendiaries and jacobins are, indeed, justly reprobated. But this (thank Heaven !) was requisite, to give popularity, or even plausibility, to his satire. After all, “ *he may sometimes have made his satire felt; but let not injudicious admiration mistake the venom of the shaft for the vigour of the bow. He has sometimes sported with lucky malice; but to him that knows his company it is not hard to be sarcastic in a mask. While he walks, like JACK THE GIANT-KILLER, in a coat of darkness, he may do much mischief with little strength. Let us abstract from his wit the vivacity of insolence, and withdraw from his efficacy the sympathetic favour of malignity; I do not say that we shall leave him nothing; but if we leave him only his merit, what will be his praise?* ”—This was said by the great Samuel Johnson; and it was said of a writer, “ the latchet of whose shoes” the little Satirist “ is not worthy to unloose *.”

* The justest character of the Author of the Pursuits of Literature was written above a hundred years ago: *Homo, ut notissimum est, ingenii maligni et oris maledicentissimi, qui, propter præstantissimorum et de re literariæ optimè meritorum virorum invidas ac injuriosas calumniationes, merito CANIS GRAMMATICUS appellatur.*

T H E

PROGRESS OF SATIRE.

“ **B**OLD was the man” (a) (as ancient Poets say)
 “ Whose feeble bark first plough’d the wat’ry way.”
 As bold the Bard, who, panting for renown,
 Dares launch *his* vessel on that sea—the Town ;
 Nor dreads a faction’s rage, a rival’s spite,
 Or Satire’s wanton malice (b) veil’d in night.

(a) Hor. Ode iii. Lib. I.

(b) The practice of ridiculing individuals by *name* in a satirical poem, and concealing that of the author who attacks them, is equally unworthy of a scholar and a gentleman. The writer who assails another in his personal, or even literary, character, should (if he pretends to candour) make himself responsible for the justice of his accusation.—“ No :” (says the little anonymous Satirist) “ Satire never has *its full force* if the author of it is known ; for the “ unworthiness of any man lessens the strength of his objections.

Yet bolder he who, scorning fashion's power,
 Ne'er chas'd the gaudy meteors of an hour,
 On native worth could build his honest claim,
 And, self-supported, climb the steep of Fame. 10
 Fir'd by such hopes immortal Milton sung :
 Such genuine numbers flow'd from Thomson's tongue,
 When, at his call, in fancy's brightest hue,
 All nature rose majestick to his view.
 Thus, Shakspur, master of the human heart !
 Thy generous soul disdain'd each groveling art,
 With fleeting shadows ne'er debas'd the stage,
 But bade thy pictures live through every age.

“ This,” he adds, “ is a full answer to all who require the name of “ a satirical Poet.” — A notable answer indeed ! — Not to inquire, as I might justly do, whether the fact itself be not very questionable ; (for the candid part of mankind will surely give more credit to accusations from a known good man than from one who *may* be of an opposite character) what is this but to justify every species of concealment and circumvention ; which are, in many cases, more *effeudal* than open attacks ? Would not such a doctrine protect from censure the dark assassin and the midnight murderer ? the filetto of the Italian, and the poisoned dart of the Indian ? We now begin to understand the *profound*, but seemingly harmless, remark, that “ *the authorized*” (i. e. lawful) “ *instruments of lawful war are lawful*.” Pulchrè ! benè ! rectè ! — The end, it seems, justifies the means ! Evil may be done that good (and a very doubtful good) may ensue ! — Truly the little gentleman (I beg pardon, the little *man*, and that too is scarcely a proper term,) has been well denominated a *Jesuit*.

Yct Bards, though less sublime, have learn'd to please
By sprightly fancy, or by graceful ease, 20
On taste, on feeling, true delight impress'd,
Nor wak'd one ranc'rous passion in the breast.
Thus later ages have conspir'd to praise
The courtly Waller's smooth and gentle lays :
Thus Prior's strains could every grace admit :
His fertile genius, and his varied wit,
Now with love's thrilling notes the heart affail,
Now charm the fancy by some sportive tale.
Let the true Bard, when genuine ardours rise,
Beam on his soul, and sparkle in his eyes, 30
Each sense, each feeling, waken'd to delight,
O'er wide creation throw his piercing sight,
View Nature's form sublime, her beauteous face,
That awes by dignity, or charms by grace,
Or trace, through each condition of mankind,
The strong, but varying features of the mind.
Each scene, where'er enraptur'd Fancy strays,
Deck'd by her charms, inspires the Poet's lays.

Whence then does Genius, skill'd alone to gain
The choicest blessings of th'Aonian train, 40

Each nobler song, each gentler lay, decline,
Lur'd by the least attractive of the Nine?
In petty wars his splendid powers display,
And dwell on themes that scarce outlive the day?
Alas! 'tis envy prompts, or anger sways
Our hearts, more prone to censure than to praise.
Though oft th' unblushing vices of her age
Have justly wak'd indignant Satire's rage,
How oft does wanton wit, or ranc'rous pride,
Flow with a noxious and polluted tide, 50
Where malice tinges her envenom'd dart,
That fixes deep, and rankles in the heart!

Arise! thy violated rights defend,
Propitious Candour, merit's constant friend!
Averse to mark, reluctant to accuse,
The venial faults and frailties of the Muse,
Yet prompt to crush each insolent pretence
By manly reason and resistless sense,
With generous zeal the sophist's art expose,
And wake th' indignant strain 'gainst virtue's foes, 60
But, when true genius lights its heaven-born flame,
Fan the bright sparks, and point the way to fame.

Say, (c) shall I paint, in fierce disdainful rhyme,
 The weak, but harmless Poet's *deadly crime*,
 And lash the culprit, whose aspiring lays
 Strive for the noblest meed, ingenuous praise?
 Or, in conceit and pedantry's fond dream,
 Make the (d) *Pursuits of Lit'rature* my theme,
 Alarm the church and state in style mysterious,
 ("Seeming humility and tone imperious,") 70
 Talk (e) "'bout French priests and Winchester great
 house,
 Labour like mountains, then bring forth a mouse,

(c) This vehemence against some writers who were fair, though perhaps not very successful, candidates for fame, is, in my opinion, the fault of the Baviad. It is a departure from the Author's plan; which was to ridicule the arrogance and false taste of a particular set of coxcombs. Mr. G.'s imitator, the *Pursuer of Literature*, (as he has been justly called) can copy only his fault, with scarcely a spark of his merit.

(d) I should here apologize for some clumsy abbreviations, but that they are sanctioned by my *great* original (*errare cum Platone, &c.*). The reader will observe I have borrowed some expressions and one entire line from him, deeming them peculiarly *happy* in themselves, as well as applicable to the subject.—It is not, perhaps, easy to say how *seeming humility* and *tone imperious* can exist together. But if it be meant that the general tone is imperious, with some occasional pretences to humility, nothing can more exactly describe the *Pursuits of Literature*.

(e) "Of Lorkin's diligence 'bout Lord's arrears." See P. of L. Part II, page 23, of the early editions.—The little man has in

Disdain all order, and reject all plan,
Affect the scholar, but "*forget the man,*"
(f) And, while detraction's dæmons "*round me roll,*"
" Stamp on th' infernal page the malice of my soul."
No: be it mine to stem vain fashion's tide,
That buoys the saucy fat'rיסט's senseless pride,
And bid him, ere this angry strain we hear,
To his own faults be just, if not severe. 80

Since then, ingenuous Muse, thy tuneful choir
For harsher sounds rejects the gentle lyre,
Say, from what source, in what far distant age,
Fierce Satire rose, and taught thy verse to rage ;
Trace the strong current of her classic strains
From ancient Rome to Britain's favour'd plains ;

this, as in many other instances, profited by my admonition, and it now stands—“*for Lord’s arrears!*”—But perhaps the line has lost as much in one way, by the change, as it has gained in the other.

(f) " And, while the swelling numbers round him roll,
" Stamps on th' immortal page the visions of his soul."

P. of Lit. Part IV.

The Alexandrine line, though in some measure copied from Dryden, is certainly a fine one, but dearly purchased by the admission of it's bombast associate.— I have no ambition to become personally acquainted with the little gentleman, but should like, for once, to see him with his pen in his hand and “the swelling *numbers rolling* “*round him.*”

Mark where she breaks or truth's or candour's laws,
And wake her slumb'ring zeal in virtue's cause.

Though far from Helicon's more tranquil shade,
(g) Greece early nurtur'd this ungentle maid, 90
When, fired by wrath, in keen Iambick songs,
The bold Archilochus avenged his wrongs,
And Comick bards, with malice unconfin'd,
Affail'd the best and wisest of mankind ;
Till justice, waked at length, with wholesome pains
Check'd the wild licence of their savage strains,
Bade harsh unfeeling ribaldry to cease,
Nor wanton insults wound domestick peace.
Thence taught, (b) Aurunca's Bard expos'd to view
Those forms his rough but vigorous pencil drew, 100

(g) Both Horace and Quintilian ascribe the origin of Satire to the Romans : and this is true in the sense in which they used the term ; viz. to describe certain poems, of a miscellaneous kind, on the manners or morals of the times. But in modern language all lampoons, or severe writings, are called Satires ; and the origin of these may be traced to the Iambicks of Archilochus, and the old Greek Comedy ; from which last, Horace himself admits, the Satires of Lucilius were derived, with no other change than that of the metre.

(b) Lucilius was born at Aurunca, a town of Etruria, and is therefore called by Juvenal *Auruncæ alumnus*.

In smoother numbers and a style less rude,
 Though careless still, old Ennius' steps pursued.
 Oft as with ardent zeal he wak'd the lay,
 Vice shrunk abash'd, and own'd the Muse's sway ;
 Pale, as when Jove's avenging thunders roll,
 Guilt heard, and trembled to her inmost soul.
 Yet, fam'd Lucilius, (*i*) faction's bitter rage
 Could warp from candour thy distinguish'd page,
 And zeal or interest urg'd thee to oppose
 With angry taunts thy patron's noblest foes. 110
 But when were party's furious zealots known
 To cherish (*k*) “ virtue and her friends alone ? ”
 Yet who the grateful tribute can refuse
 To him whose worth inspired the sweetest Muse ?

(*i*) Metellus is said to have been satirized by Lucilius ; and, though it is not clear which of the Metelli is meant, yet as the Chiefs of that family were on bad terms with Scipio, the patron of that Poet, there is too much reason to think he was influenced by party motives.

(*k*) “ *Uni equus virtuti atque ejus amicis.* ” Hor.—But of what Satirist can this be truly said ? Certainly not of Pope, who applies the line to himself : (“ To virtue only and her friends a friend.”) Probably Horace and his successors deserved this praise more than any of our English Satirists, excepting Young ; as not one of the names whom they attacked has been transmitted to us, through other channels, as undeserving of the stigma affixed to them.

Horace, thy gay yet philosophick strains
 Nor envy warps, nor wanton malice stains.
 In thee what different charms unite to please !
 The scholar's judgment with the courtier's ease,
 With graceful raillery, with wit refined
 That gently probes, yet never wounds the mind. 120
 To life, to manners true, thy moral page
 Displays the genuine features of the age ;
 And, when some parasite, buffoon, or knave,
 Some shameless prodigal, or upstart slave,
 Was mark'd by ridicule, thy happy art
 Seem'd not to aim, yet fix'd th' unerring dart.

But angry Satire, in succeeding times,
 Awaked to vengeance, roused by daring crimes,
 When from the (*l*) Stoic school grave Persius brought
 The rigid lore her ancient sages taught, 130
 And ardent virtue with sublimer rage
 Inspired fierce Juvenal's indignant page.
 What keen reproach, (alas !) what caustick lays
 Could brand too deeply (*m*) Rome's degen'rate days,

(*l*) Persius was educated by Cornutus the philosopher, and addresses one of his Satires to him.

(*m*) Persius described the reign of Nero, Juvenal that of Domitian.

When vice, the curb of fear or shame unknown,
Rear'd her proud crest triumphant on the throne?

From these illustrious models (*n*) Britain draws
The moral song, and frames her Satire's laws :
But to new themes her Muse applies the rhyme,
Free as her sons, and varying as her clime. 140
To life, to manners, now no more confined,
The general faults or follies of mankind,
For bolder flights proud Satire plumes her wings,
(*o*) The friend, or foe, of Statesmen and of Kings,
And oft, with Faction's fierce resentment warm,
Points her dread vengeance, and " directs the storm."

Rough Donne, in homely strains, devoid of art,
Spoke the plain truths that prove an honest heart.

(*n*) I have not deemed it necessary to insert any account of the French Satirists, since they, as well as our own, (for the most part,) copied from the Romans; and this Essay professes only to trace the progress and state of abuses of that species of poetry, not to characterize all who excelled in it.

(*o*) Political Satire (I mean that of which the primary object is politics) seems to have originated in this country, and cannot, perhaps, be traced higher than Butler. I had omitted to mention his celebrated work, on account of its singular nature, and it's not being derived from the Roman Satire.

In learning rich, in native humour bold,
 His merry tale the laughing Butler told, 150
 And mark'd fanatic pride and factious zeal
 In satire faithful to his country's weal.
 But Dryden's vigorous Muse, as interest sways,
 Now wounds by satire, and now sooths by praise:
 Now stoops to crush (*p*) an envious Poet's name,
 The dull proud rival of his splendid fame,
 Now (*q*) weaves the mystic fable, to expose
 Dire faction's arts and brand a monarch's foes.
 Oh ! hadst thou scorn'd thy towering soul to bend,
 Of guilt the flatterer, and of vice the friend, 160
 Ill-fated Bard ! how few, with generous pride,
 Assail'd by want, can stem corruption's tide ?
 How few, when life is cruel fortune's sport,
 Could shun the gay allurements of a Court ?
 'Tis thus the pitying Muse her wrath allays,
 And half forgives the strain she dares not praise.

But who thy finish'd beauties can display,
 Pope, mighty master of the moral lay ?

(*p*) In his *Mackflecknoe*.

(*q*) It is hardly necessary to say, that his *Abfsalom and Achito-phel* is here alluded to.

Whose manly wit and polish'd taste combine,
 Point the strong sense, and tune th' harmonious line.
 Soft as the strains that grac'd th' Horatian lyre, 171
 Sublime as Juvenal's more vigorous fire,
 Thy magic numbers with prevailing art
 Steal on th' enraptured ear, and win the heart.

(r) Each form succeeding Bards for Satire choose
 Springs from thy various, thy accomplish'd Muse;
 Whether they claim (s) just imitation's praise,
 And classick thoughts adapt to British lays,
 Or, more inventive, in appropriate rhymes
 (t) Display the manners, and record the times, 180
 Or, mighty trifles studious to rehearse,
 (u) Strut on the stilts of mock-heroic verse,

(r) It is not meant that we had no examples of these different species of Satire prior to the writings of Pope, but that most of our subsequent Satirists, in these different branches, have taken him for their model.

(s) His Imitations of Horace have served as a model for all subsequent imitators.

(t) His Ethic Epistles afford the favourite example of that kind of Satire.

(u) The Rape of the Lock is here alluded to.

Or (v) dash proud dulness from Parnassus' height,
And with the Muse's arms assert the Muse's right.

Alas ! could wit, could genius bright as thine
E'er give to spleen one harsh ungenerous line ;
Or bid with bitter eloquence to flow
That verse (x) " which made an Addison thy foe ? "

With wit that else had claim'd an equal prize,
But taste less just, see (y) virtuous Young arise ! 190
His keen remark, well-temper'd, though severe,
His lively sentence, and his pointed sneer,

(v) The Dunciad belongs both to the third species of Satire here mentioned, and also to the fourth, viz. Satirical Criticism.

(x) " Curst be that verse, how smooth soe'er it flow,
" That tends to make one honest man my foe ! "

was the just imprecation of Pope on malevolent Satire. Yet too many instances of spleen and ill-humour (not to say ill-nature) might be given from his works. I have chosen his attack on Addison, because it originated in slight and probably ill-founded suspicions, and because the character of Addison, and the important service he had rendered to the morals (as well as manners) of his country, should have protected him against a treatment so severe.

(y) Scarcely any English Poet is so invariably zealous in the cause of virtue as Dr. Young.

At general vice, or flagrant follies, aim
Their nobler sting, nor wound one honour'd name.

But soon 'twas thine to mark, indignant Muse,
Degen'rate Satire warp'd by party views.
See, her bold front Malignity display,
And Faction triumph (z) in fierce Churchill's lay !
Nor Candour's voice, nor sense of right and wrong,
Checks in it's course his dire vindictive song. 200
He deals on every side the fatal blow,
Nor owns sense, wit or virtue in a foe.
And yet insulted Candour must admire,
Distinguish'd Bard, thy Muse's strength and fire,
Must own, if party-zeal had ne'er confined
To transient themes thy bold and fervid mind,
Britain had dwelt with rapture on thy page,
Preserv'd by genuine worth from age to age.

(z) Churchill seems to have been, in the strictest sense, a party Poet, perhaps the least amiable votary of the Muses. The asperity of his Satire (often arising from party prejudice) must be disgusting to every impartial reader.—Yet his poetry, though occasionally negligent, possessed great vigour and spirit: and he is less read at present, only because he chose temporary and evanescent subjects for his Satire.

Still Satire seeks a transitory name,
 Nor heeds the call of never-dying fame, 210
 Pursues vain shadows, and exerts her power
 To catch the fleeting fashions of an hour.
 Shrouded in night, the feign'd (a) Macgregor pours
 The tide of song from wit's abundant stores,
 Skill'd to combine with humour's richest vein
 The pomp of verse, the mock majestic strain.
 And thou, sweet Bard ! o'er whose untimely urn
 The Graces droop, the Muse delights to mourn,
 (b) Tickell, in vain to taste, to genius dear,
 Accept this fond, this tributary tear ! 220
 'Twas thine by playful ridicule to seize
 (c) Gay Fashion's follies, yet her vot'ries please,

(a) The name assumed by the unknown author of the *Epistle to Sir William Chambers*.

(b) Richard Tickell, Esq. grandson to Thomas Tickell the Poet, and friend of Addison. The “little Satirist” calls Mr. Tickell “*the happiest occasional writer of his day.*” This is a just character; though we may fairly suspect the writer’s motive. (*Virtutem in- columem odimus, sublatam ex oculis querimus invidi.*)—But Mr. Tickell might have obtained much higher praise, had he employed his talents in works of a more permanent nature.

(c) See *The Wreath of Fashion*; a poem written to ridicule the then prevailing taste for sentimental poetry.

(d) Stern Party's rage by sprightly wit allay,
 And cheer her gloomy scenes by fancy's ray.
 Oh ! hadst thou e'er, by true ambition fired,
 To nobler themes, to lasting fame, aspired,
 Each charm, each gift of the propitious Nine,
 That graced th' Ausonian lays, had beam'd in thine.

Severer Satire, from a different source,
 Flow'd with rough vehemence and turbid course. 230
 When (e) C—s from Fashion's heavenly region fell,
 Enraged he waked the Majesty of Hell,
 And bade him, issuing from th' infernal gloom,
 Record distinguish'd guilt, and stamp it's doom.
 Harsh was his censure, not unjust his aim ;
 (f) While Satire echoed the loud voice of fame.

(d) *The Project*, a political poem, and the witty and elegant Epistle from Mr. Fox, Partridge-shooting, to Mr. (now Lord John) Townshend, Cruizing, are here alluded to ; though Mr. Tickell was most known by his celebrated pamphlet, *Anticipation*.—His lesser poems also have great merit, either for wit and humour, or tenderness and elegance :

*His saltēm accumulēm donis, et fungar inani
 Munere.*

(e) Author of *The Diaboliad*, and some other Poems of the same kind, the satire of which being merely personal, is now almost wholly forgotten.

(f) The characters exposed in *The Diaboliad* were, for the most part, notoriously profligate.

But lo ! what tumults rise ? what bustling throng
 Provokes the scornful critic's angry song ?
 'Tis (g) Affectation's motley crew invades,
 With steps unhallow'd, the Pierian shades : 240
 They seize the sacred chair, their (b) shrill notes raise,
 And ring th' unvarying peal of mutual praise.
 Mourn, classic Muse ! conceit pollutes thy strain,
 Proud *Nonsense* triumphs in her Crusca's reign :
 When see, resentment sparkling in his eyes,
 To crush thy foes indignant (i) G——d rise !
 Thy foes, the fluttering insects of an hour,
 Fly from his rage, or bow beneath his power.
 Yet why, victorious champion, why abuse
 The cheap and easy conquest of thy Muse ? 250
 Insult the fall'n, or brand some Bards who claim
 No proud distinction in the ranks of fame ?
 The modest Poet's unobtrusive lays
 True candour pardons where it cannot praise.

(g) Della Crusca, Anna Matilda, &c. &c. &c. who surfeited us with their bad taste, conceit, and effrontery : although some of them were not wholly destitute of genius and poetical spirit.

(b) This was a favourite mode of rhythm with the Crusca school.

(i) Author of the Baviad and Mæviad.

Conceit once check'd, let angry warfare cease,
And unoffending dullness rest in peace.

Or seek the nobler praise of him who draws
His pen in Virtue's and Religion's cause,
And mark, what awful scenes, what deeds, conspire
To rouse the Patriot's zeal, the Poet's fire ! 260
See the cool Sophist, with collected mind,
Spread poison, rage, destruction o'er mankind !
See base Oppression, uncontroll'd by shame,
In Freedom's garb, usurping Freedom's name !
See, Britain, thy (*k*) triumphant flag unfurl'd !
Thy sons undaunted, " 'midst a falling world !"
And oh, while yet thy generous bands maintain
True freedom's empire o'er the circling main,
Sense, learning, genius, in thy cause unite !
Be bold in eloquence, as firm in fight ! 270
" (*l*) Sense, genius, learning, wit, in me combine,"
A *nameless sat'rist* cries, " all, all are mine !
" 'Tis mine, by keen unerring judgment graced,
" To reign, despotic arbiter of taste,

(*k*) These lines were written immediately after the news of Lord Duncan's glorious victory.

(*l*) No impartial reader of *The Pursuits of Literature* will, I think, deem the following speech exaggerated, notwithstanding the veil of modesty occasionally assumed by the Author.

“ To awe by (*m*) mystic threats the passive Town,
 “ Raise by a smile, extinguish by a frown,
 “ And brand the name of each devoted wight,
 “ But hide my own, (*n*) secured by friendly night.”

(*m*) In one of his Prefaces (viz. to Part II. edit. 1st.) the *little great Author* says, “ I dissuade every person from flippant and random application of any supposed name: it is as unjust as it is absurd. *Flebit, et insignis tota cantabitur urbe*, was said of old; and “ I recommend to every gentleman and lady of eminent sagacity and curiosity, to remember that there is a darkness *which may be felt.*” In his Preface to Part IV. he uses expressions which, to all common apprehensions, seem equivalent: viz. that “ *it will be more than foolish* to be very inquisitive.”

The audacious presumption of the above threat could only be equalled by its egregious absurdity. No man, I believe, read it without a mixture of indignation and contempt. But, when lash'd, on that account, in this and some other publications, what does the little gentleman reply?—Truly, that no threat was intended!—It was meant only to intimate that such an attempt would be fruitless. Wisely, however, he omits the first and strongest of the two passages; a passage to which it is impossible, by any torture of expressions, to give a different meaning. The latter, indeed, is plain enough; especially as he took care to print the most material words in *Italicks*. What are we now to think of this *high and mighty* champion of morality, religion, &c.; who (as a great writer expresses it) “ meanly sneaks out of a difficulty, into which he had proudly strutted?”

(*n*) Yet he boasts of his courage (See the concluding Note to Part IV.), that courage which dares not look the injured in the face! He might as well pride himself on his character; that *cha-*

Alas ! can pride to such importance raise
 A wretched mortal, puff'd by transient praise ? 280
 Thou, who (*o*) no faults, no weakness, canst excuse,
 Hear thy own merits from th' ingenuous Muse ;
 Who, proud all just distinctions to admit,
 Proclaims thee half a Poet, (*p*) half a Wit ;

rafter which shuns the test of scrutiny ! But I ask his pardon :—
 “ *The unworthiness of any man lessens the strength of his objections.*” This curious defence has been already exposed. But it is something to find it admitted there may be some *unworthiness* even in THE GREAT AUTHOR. I am apt, indeed, to suspect we should find him to be a poor mortal, like ourselves, liable to all our prejudices, impelled by our passions, and indulging some of the worst of them. The objection, however, to anonymous Satire on private characters (and even on literary works, unless you fairly discuss them) is, I conceive, unanswerable. Every accuser ought to be responsible, if not for the truth, at least for the fairness of his charge, and the integrity of his motives. An anonymous Satirist is “ an unknown Prosecutor.” He shrinks from that responsibility to which every man who attacks the character of another ought to subject his own.

(*o*) He dwells on the slightest faults of eminent writers with an invidious minuteness, slightly noticing their merits, or (in some cases) passing them over entirely.

(*p*) Although the person alluded to is, no doubt, concerned in the work, it is next to impossible the whole should have been written by one person ; not so much from a variety in the style, as from the strange and frequent inconsistencies throughout. It is scarcely ever, indeed, elegant, but sometimes it has a certain degree of poetical

Now vig'rous, spirited, (q) almost sublime,
Now tagging (r) feeble words to feeble rhyme;

spirit: at other times it is not only prosaic, but vulgar; though no one is so forward as the writer in censuring every degree of vulgarity in others. Sometimes his declamations in the Notes appear eloquent, at others frothy and puerile: on some occasions his sarcasms are pointed and just; on others wretchedly trifling, or deliberately ill-natured.

(q) In his most laboured effort at sublimity (Part IV. from page 15 to 22 of the first edition,) he is in part successful; but in some parts inflated and obscure. There is also too much appearance of art and labour. The writer resembles, as Johnson (and, I think, Longinus before him) expressed it, "a lion kindling his rage by the "lash of his own tail." True sublimity is more simple and natural. I had remark'd that his poet, who

Hears in each blast some consecrated rhyme,
Trac'd by the spirit of the troublous clime,

must have been the noted *Della Crusca*. He has now omitted the couplet, but without substituting any thing to connect that which preceded to that which followed it; which now appear disjointed, and little better than nonsense. And we have still "the swelling "numbers round him roll," nearly as bombast an expression, I venture to say, as ever was hazarded in poetry.

(r) To cite the feeble and prosaic passages in *The Pursuits of Literature*, would be to repeat almost half the book. Many also, which are not quite prosaic, are inelegant and vulgar; and the purity and propriety of the English language are often grossly violated: a fault unpardonable in one who assumes the office of a satirical critic and literary censor. Some of these improprieties he

Now arm'd, 'gainst daring crimes, in Virtue's cause,
Now meanly cavilling at (s) petty flaws;

has lately corrected; instructed (as it should seem) by *The Progress of Satire*; though he has not the gratitude to confess his obligation. His dogs no longer wear *blue sandals*, nor are they “coated “*for the public brunt*.” But they are still “*black-letter'd for a chace*.” for the *joke* of printing the word in black-letter could not be spared. The other improprieties remain, with many that had not been noticed; yet this edition, he says, has been revised *with the greatest care*. Many of his vulgarities are noticed in a very sensible essay called *Strictures on the Pursuits of Literature*. Many more, and perhaps stronger, instances might be added.—But, “*Le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle*.” I will, therefore, only remind my little friend (against his next revision) of the chimney-sweeper's reply to Pope:—“*Mend you! It would take less trouble to make a new one*.”

(s) What can be more paltry, than the cavils he makes at the commentators on Shakespeare; than his sarcasms on the profession and private concerns of writers (with which neither he nor the public has any thing to do); on Mr. Erskine for taking opium; on Mr. Abbot for having a smiling countenance, &c. &c.?—“He stoops to such trifles” (he would have us believe) “rather unwillingly.” Quite the reverse, if the *evidentia rei* is to decide. Nothing appears to delight him so much: he is never in his own element but when he can indulge in this kind of ribaldry. But has this child of “playfulness and humour” (as he is pleased to term his wanton and unfeeling ridicule) never read the fable of the Boys and Frogs? Does he really think it allowable to depreciate the characters and sport with the feelings of respectable persons, *merely to obtain a greater variety of topics for his satire*? His defence, in effect, amounts to this, and this alone—(See the Letter to a Friend, prefixed to *The P. of L.*, 7th

Now candid, now by prejudice debased,
 (A (*t*) Bigot's principles, a (*u*) Pedant's taste) 290

edit. p. 12.)—I leave it to the judgment which every man of candour and feeling must pronounce. With regard to the “high “crime and misdemeanour” which some scholars have committed by translating Gray’s Elegy, the little gentleman bears testimony against himself, when he asks “What interest have mankind in a “few old Greek boys in gowns and caffocks?” Then pray, my good Sir, why all these remarks upon them? Why dwell on the subject through fourteen pages of text and notes? But “the example,” it seems, “is of the deepest consequence.” Indeed! These Greek boys are then become men of such eminence as to poison by this *dreadful* example the whole current of literature. How inconsistent does a writer become when he ceases to make truth and candour his guides!

(*t*) If his furious and incessant declamations against the unfortunate French Priests, and his ridiculous fears lest our charitable support of them should endanger the Established Church, do not stamp him a *Bigot*, any argument to prove the point must be thrown away. “All he has advised” (he tells us) “is on the side of caution.” Be it so. But what occasion then for misrepresentation and invective? If this be the language of caution, what is that of persecution? What could he have said more, had his design been to excite every vindictive passion against these respectable men, who are the martyrs, not to the Roman Catholic persuasion, but to Christianity itself?

(*u*) If pedantry be properly defined “an ostentatious display of “learning,” no one but a pedant can deny the little Gentleman that title. I had quoted a strong instance of it, his quaint and forced conceit (continued through ten pages) of comparing the Commentators on Shakespeare to Actæon’s hounds. But instances might be produced from almost every page. What he says in de-

Prompt to repel Religion's barbarous foes,
Yet (x) crush her sons, and aggravate their woes ;

fence of his quotations, does not apply to those instances (and they are numerous) where the quotations are needless to illustrate the subject, or where they are drawn from Authors little known and of little merit or weight. Nor does he, in general, give the substance of them in English, as he is pleased to assert.

(x) It is matter of great surprise to me that the candid and able writer of "*Strictures on the Pursuits of Literature*" should acquiesce in the illiberal invectives on the Emigrant Priests. He seems not to have considered against *whom* those invectives were directed, and upon what grounds. The Emigrants at large are not persecuted by the little Satirist ; nor are their *political* principles adverted to. No : he affects to fear only the helpless, the respectable body of men, against whose *general* conduct in this kingdom slander itself has scarcely ventured a whisper ; against whom the Author himself does not bring any specific charge. The charges that were brought by others were, I am well informed, refuted by a diligent and dispassionate inquiry.—While they were maintained at Winton, they were placed (says he) "on a hill," meaning (if he has any rational meaning) to object to their conspicuous situation, and to their being maintained in a body, instead of being dispersed in private houses ; the very circumstances, I conceive, that most effectually prevented the dissemination of their religious principles. When they had been removed from that asylum, even this did not satisfy the malice of their persecutor. He discovered, it seems, that they were still allowed, though in smaller parties, to associate together. This was sufficient to excite another furious philippic. The *mode* of relief is also objected to ; although it is administered under the direction of a Committee of respectable Gentlemen, and known friends to our Established Church ; and the Bishop of Leon is only consulted as best knowing the characters and pretensions of those who apply. But if there is no intention to deprive these helpless

And blending love of truth and zeal for right
 With bloated (*y*) arrogance, and (*z*) envious spite.

objects of charitable support, why is the sum allotted to them and the Lay Emigrants (who are on this occasion joined in order to inflame the reckoning) so frequently stated and invidiously dwelt upon? He cannot be ignorant that, whatever may be the aggregate amount, the pittance to each individual is barely adequate to the sustenance of life. But what if, in addition to this, it should appear from the *Records of Parliament* that the whole sum hitherto granted for the support of the Emigrants amounts to less than he has stated as granted in the year 1796 **ALONE**?—I leave every reader to draw the inference —To say “GOVERNMENT ought not to relieve them,” is to say they should not be relieved at all; the funds of private charity having been long since exhausted.

(*y*) The proofs of his arrogance (I repeat it) stare the Reader in the face in almost every page; though we have here and there an hypocritical profession of humility. The very purpose of his work (viz. to exalt or depress the fame of cotemporary writers at his will and pleasure) is the height of arrogance. It is something worse, to decline contemptuously a discussion of those charges which are brought against him by respectable and injured persons, and echoed by the almost unanimous voice of mankind. “The *fume superbiam* of a Poet ought not (he tells us) to be rigidly “examined.” But (besides that it appears full as often in his prose) it ought to be the pride of a *real* Poet, not of one whose poetry (excepting a few occasional fallies) consists chiefly of flat and prosaic lines, or inelegancies and improprieties of language, or servile, unacknowledged, and, for the most part, clumsy, imitations of Pope.

(*z*) How far his attacks on meritorious writers originate in envy, is best known to his own heart; but if most of those which I have instanced are not *spiteful*, I know not what can be

Nor think, howe'er she boast her motley rhymes,
 Thy (*a*) shapeless Muse shall live to after-times.

No: though sustain'd by mean unworthy art,
 She (*b*) feed each baser passion of the heart,

deemed so. He blusters, indeed, in his *Letter to a Friend*, as if he was, in every case, justifiable. But how does this boast accord with his frequent, though silent, retractions? If the passages in question were at first proper, he should not afterwards have omitted them in compliance with any censure. To give a striking instance: The disparaging account of Mr. Canning (manifestly the offspring of envy) is now, by a magic touch of the pen, converted into praise, and without the least apology or explanation. The candid acknowledgment of error might indeed, in some degree, atone for it. But this attempt to deceive our memories, this silent tergiversation, is the disgraceful subterfuge of meanness and insolence.

(*a*) I call his Muse *shapeless*, because *nec pes nec caput uni redditur formæ*. Indeed the whole passage in Horace describes a work similar to *The Pursuits of Literature*. The Author says he could analyse his work; but I am convinced he dares not attempt it: for such a process would shew it in all its native deformity. The authority of Pope's two Dialogues will not avail him. For (besides that their merit would cover most defects) they are much shorter poems, and on a single subject, his own writings; and they contain, in substance, merely a defence of himself, however occasionally illustrated by general topics. But in far the greater part of Pope's satirical works there is an uniformity of design, and justness of arrangement, that ought to shame his pretended imitator.

(*b*) "Is there a passage" (he asks) "which panders to the polluted affections and passions of bad men?" A pretty bold challenge! Have you then, my good Sir, never chanced to hear of a *gentle, amiable* passion called—**ENVY**? Or are Men of Letters and

Indignant virtue yet shall mark thy shame,
And justice blot thee from the rolls of fame.

Thus fashion's praise allured the Sat'rist's lay
To trifling themes that perish with the day,
Bade him to fleeting modes adapt his mind,
Nor trace the bolder features of mankind ;
And thus keen ridicule, which, well applied,
Checks full-blown arrogance and upstart pride,
Inspired by (c) self-conceit, at random throws
It's wanton shafts, confounding friends with foes.

Authors peculiarly exempt from it ? What say you then to a work, in which almost every Reader, especially if also an Author, may find some enemy, some rival, or some envied superior, depreciated or ridiculed ? What say you to a work, in which the slightest failings in men of talents and virtue are eagerly seized and invidiously amplified ? in which the private concerns of Authors are brought forward merely to render them objects of contempt ? in which the motives of public exertion are misrepresented, and the zeal of benevolence laughed to scorn ? But, independent of this consideration, let me ask, is the general curiosity and appetite for slander among the passions most *honourable* to human nature ? The boast of having published nothing offensive to female delicacy is equally unfounded. See the passages cited in *Strictures on the Pursuits of Literature*, and those referred to in this Work. Some others might be mentioned.

(c) It would, surely, be superfluous to quote instances of conceit in the little Satirist. It pervades his whole work. He must have

But you, ye candid few, whose generous praise
Can beam on merit's unpresuming lays, 310
Whom sacred truth can charm, whom heaven has
graced
With native sense, with independent taste,
Assert your sacred rights ! fulfil your trust !
And, spurning fashion's sway, still dare be just !
Nor you, ye injured Bards ! who scorn to pay
Base homage to the minion of the day,
Retort his sneering prose, or flippant rhyme,
But calmly wait the just award of time.
Britain, at length awaked, shall own your claim,
Shall yield the full, the lasting meed of fame, 320
And stamp with just applause your honest page,
Secured from envy's hate and faction's rage.

rigid muscles from whom the self-importance of this “strutting “Bantam” does not frequently provoke a smile. What, for instance, can be more truly ridiculous than his citing, on the authority of his single assertion, four gentlemen as admiring his book, not one of whom has *published* a syllable concerning it. We have often seen testimonies of distinguished writers quoted in recommendation of a work. But this, perhaps, is the first instance of an anonymous writer assuring the world that such and such men of literature commend his book. But as he is so fond of private anecdotes, let me advise him not to boast too much of Mr. Storer's “*love to his “Lines;*” as thereby hangs a tale. Mr. S., on whose praise he plumes himself, laid a trap for the GREAT AUTHOR's vanity, and succeeded to a miracle. Never was a man of such *profound* wisdom so compleatly duped.

POSTSCRIPT.

THE little Satirist appearing conscious of the indignation excited by his brutal attack on Dr. Warton, and attempting to justify it, a more full discussion of that subject may not be improper; though (as the public mind is pretty well made up on his conduct) it may not be necessary. It has, indeed, been ably treated by the author of *Strictures on the Pursuits of Literature*; but to persons who have not seen that work, the following considerations will, I think, shew the artifices and malignity of our Satirist in their true light.

1. Nothing, when duly considered, can be more captious than to censure an Editor for publishing a likeness of his author. It is not, indeed, absolutely necessary; but custom authorizes and in some degree requires it; and it gratifies a very natural and harmless curiosity. Why then should a practice encouraged in others, be censured in Lord Sheffield and Dr. Warton? Because, forsooth, Gibbon had a clumsy person, and Pope a deformed one!—As if the knowledge of these circumstances could lessen the fame of either of those distinguished writers! The likeness of Pope was taken by an eminent painter without the least view to caricature, and certainly makes him less deformed than tradition had represented him. But were it otherwise, what injury could be done thereby to his memory? What can it take from that reputation which was gained by the qualities of his mind, not of his person?

2. Another objection is, that Dr. Warton has borrowed many of the notes from his celebrated Essay. But would any man professing to give an edition of Pope, with compleat Notes, have done otherwise? Had Dr. W. avoided every remark that had appeared in his Essay, what censure would he not then have incurred! Should we not have been told that, from interested motives (namely, that his Essay might still be an object of purchase), he had, in the edition, presented us with the mere refuse of his brain, with the gleanings of a harvest already gathered? And how many Critics would have lamented that some other person had not undertaken the task, who would, without scruple, have borrowed the most valuable remarks from Dr. Warton, since the Doctor would not from himself!

3. On the next ground of attack, I am sensible that Dr. W. may be defended with great appearance of reason. This has been ably performed by the author of *Strictures on The Pursuits of Literature*. I am sensible that here too the little Satirist has been guilty of a misrepresentation; for Poems published by Pope himself, or with his consent, in his riper years, are very different from Mr. E.'s *Geranium*, or any other irregular folly of youth never published by it's author. Neither is Warburton's edition free from objectionable passages, and even poems. Yet I admit that, as far as my own opinion goes, it might have been better if Dr. W. had not so strictly interpreted his duty as an Editor. But did that error, if it be one, require such a profusion of insults and invectives? Is it true, as the Satirist asserts, that the *edition* only, not the *editor*, is the object of his animadversion? Let any reader turn to the eight lines of the Text (I am ashamed to recite them) in which so many opprobrious epithets are lavished! Let him turn even to the Note that contains this

assertion, and say there is no unprovoked and unnecessary personality! No man, I repeat it, who had the feelings of a man, would have raked out so industriously, and aggravated so grossly, every little blemish in Dr. W.'s work; or would have insulted by such language a man of his age and character. But no respect (it seems) is due to *age*! No, not even in the case of an eminent and amiable person! Have you forgotten then (most *worthy* sir) the maxims of all your favourite classics? “*It is not* (you tell us) *in the title* “*page*”—Pro pudor!—Is there a single reader of such a book ignorant that Dr. Warton has been for nearly half a century one of the brightest ornaments to the classical literature of his country? But charge must be heaped upon charge. A few general observations (perfectly accordant with the spirit of the constitution) are picked out and distorted from their true meaning, in order to prove (contrary to the tenor of his work and life) Dr. W. a favourer of democracy. This, I am confident, is the first time such a charge has been even insinuated against him. His bitterest enemies (if he has enemies) would be ashamed of it. But “*Cæsar ashamed!*” No: that quality of the mind has not a name in his vocabulary, not a correspondent feeling in his breast. If, however, indignation at malignity would permit one to smile at the inconsistencies of self-conceit, it would be amusing to see the man who above all writers (of any learning) deals in colloquial barbarisms and vulgar idioms, reproaching Dr. Warton with what he is pleased to term vulgarity. Would it be believed that, in the work of this Censor General, of this fastidious hypercritic, may be found such couplets as this:

He *rose*, late heeded by patrician care,
Though private friendship *help'd him to the chair!*

(N.B. This jumble of incongruity and vulgarity very *judiciously* closes a laboured passage.)

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